

A Dragon's Tail

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Summary: Bane never wanted to be a healer, never wanted to fight dragons (even though she had all the right to), never wanted to be anything more than chief adviser in the Hall of Records. But one day her best friend needed her help, and she had always had a problem of saying no to him. So what did she do? She became the one thing she never wanted to be: a savior. Hiccup/Oc

1. PROLOGUE

Warnings: Rated M for future violence, swearing, and mild sexual themes. [OC x Hiccup; slow burn.]

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><p>PROLOGUE:</p>

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><p>Seventeen year old Bane Soverson had once had a dream of writing down Berk's history in the Hall of Records as the library's Chief Adviser. As a young child she always had an affinity for books and reading them, admiring them, and restoring them to glory if something had befallen them. But as a young child from the age of eight to fifteen, it was her Gods-given duty to do nothing more than take the wisdom from the pages and apply it to something she thought just didn't fit what she was actually good at. Her hands weren't meant for healing; they were meant for managing. The island of Berk didn't need her help: the books did. The books were poorly handled and in much worse shape than she had ever seen any of her kinsmen. She was not where she needed to be.</p>

Then one day she ceased to think that way; a hole had been ripped through her way of thinking- she had begun to see the island for what it really was and found that what it truly needed was in fact the one thing she never wanted to be: a savior. Sure, she wanted nothing more

than to barricade herself behind a fortress of books and lock herself far away from anyone and everything, but the realization struck her, and it struck her hard. There were people that needed her, friends that needed her help, and who was she to deny them? So the books ceased to matter in any way except to grant her knowledge on medical needs and her dreams shifted from something that was once selfish to something admirable. She wanted to help people.

And with the help of a friend she would give anything for, even the world and her selfish dreams, she saved the island of Berk.

Closing the leather bound book on her desk, Bane lifted her arms above her head and stretched in an attempt to get rid of the cricks in her back. Behind her she could feel warm eyes against her, confirmed when hands grasped her own which hovered in the air. She gave a small smile; two years had come to pass since the day her future changed forever, and she had never been happier with the fact. The book in front of her was a dull reminder that she never got to be a Chief Adviser of any sort, but the boy behind her-

"What are you doing?"

She smiles at the boy, older and stronger, gripping her hands with an affection that can't be missed. His metal heel clinked against the dark wood of the floor when he slid himself closer to her and his lips found her forehead.

â€" was a warm reminder that her future had something much better in store for her.

* * *

><p>When the moon was highest in the sky, the smell of burning wood stung Bane's nostrils. Ash fluttered in from her open window, billowing around her floor and catching in the tiniest of nooks and crannies. A stray bit of ash washed across her face, which tickled her skin and brought her rocketing from her bed. She realized, perhaps a moment too late, that it was happening again: the dragons had once again come to take hold of the village's livestock and she was pretty sure she had slept through most of it (she had always been a deep sleeper; it came with having a cushy life as one of only two healers inhabiting Berk).</p>

She kicked at the sheets that had become tangled around her legs, attempting to free herself and apply the emergency first aid that was needed in the midst of a dragon attack. Her body worked without a hint of life to it, in fact she acted more as a machine than anything nowadays. It wasn't a life she wanted to live, but it was an occupation that needed to be filled and with only her brother to willingly fill it, she had no other choice to be the second to have the honorary title. Burn wounds, lacerations, and missing limbs were not rare things in Berk. It was something that needed to be done, but that didn't mean she was any less bitter about it.

Outside the window she could hear screaming and the crackling of fire, but she couldn't even flinch because she had grown so used to it that it was almost second nature to hear her kinsmen screaming. It wasn't like anyone was ever bothered when a limb got burnt off, so why should she be worried when they weren't? The only time she ever got scared was when a certain friend of hers, who just so happened to

be a horrible Viking, thought it a good idea to go out into the line of fire and try to get himself killed. That was another thing, not only did Bane have a full time occupation of healing the sick and injured, she also had a full time job of keeping one Hiccup Horrendous Haddock's guts from staining the cobbled stones.

She neglected to pull on her wool socks or cover her feet with shoes, which she would surely regret later, in favor of grabbing the handle of her doctor's bag and sprinting out the door. She wouldn't go to any of her kinsmen, wouldn't attempt to drag their bodies back to her house where they could wait until they could be healed, wouldn't apply emergency first aid to anyone (because they were Vikings and they didn't really need it anyway), but instead made a beeline straight for the center of trouble. Hiccup wouldn't be at his house; he'd be out trying to fight dragon's and getting himself killed. She'd stop by the Blacksmith's hut first just in case, though.

"Ahhhhhhhhh-"

A man with his bottom on fire ran past her, screaming for Odin. Bane sniffed, rubbing the ash from her nose, and hoped he'd have the common sense to not jump into the ocean. You can still get hypothermia when your butt is on fire. A few other residents rushed by with weapons drawn high, shouting obscenities and tripping over one another to get to the nearest dragon. That almost made her smile. Almost.

She rushed past the horde of people crowding around the Blacksmith's hut to get their weapons, and sprinted to the back door. "Hiccup." She hoped he would be there. She didn't want to try and maneuver her way through dozens of screaming Vikings and fire-breathing dragons. Her eyes scoured the inside of the hut, packed tight with weapons and machines and hooded things. Her eyes met oak colored hair, and her wish was granted in the form of an antsy youth waddling around the the hut in worn slacks. The tips of her toes tingled with the warmth from the welding fire.

He jumped when she touched his shoulder, spun him around to face her. The weapons in his hands made his scrawny arms shake, so she took the liberty of dropping her doctor's bag and tugging the blades from his grip. She dumped them on the counter where five different men grabbed for a hilt.

"Bane! What are you doing here?"

It was a question she chose not to answer, deflecting it with her own.

"What are you doing here? I'm surprised you're not trying to kill dragons." She made the sarcasm in her voice ever apparent when she stressed the last part. There was no killing dragons when it came to Hiccup Haddock.

He smiled at that, which unnerved her for some reason, and swiftly removed his apron. The material landed in a heap over a chair. "Actually, I'm glad you're here. Look at this." He pulled a machine that had been hidden in a dark corner into the light of the fire and gestured to it's complicated mechanisms. The round surface of the metal spheres attached to rope shone in the dim glow of the moon.

Bane gave him a look, suddenly realizing why she got uncomfortable when he smiled like that. Hiccup didn't seem fazed. "Now I know what you're thinking, but this time, this time it's going to work. I looked over my notes already and tested it; there's no way it can fail."

Bane grimaced, folding her arms over her thin night shirt.
"Hiccup..."

He rambled on. "I know I can't wield an ax, or wave a hammer around, or throw one of â€œ these." He held up a tool that had been mounted to his device and looked at it with almost-disdain. "But this will throw it for me!" He slapped a hand on it, which caused it to go flying through the hut window and hit someone in the face. The unlucky Viking groaned and fell on his back. Bane's eyebrow rose. Hiccup rubbed his shoulder.

"Yeah, that happened before you got here too. But still! I just have to be more careful with the lever."

Bane shook her head, her hands falling from her chest. One hand came up and peeled back his shirt, lowering it just below the collarbone to reveal an ugly burn mark. There were so many places on the boy's person, so many wounds and scars that would never disappear, all because of his recklessness. "Do you remember what happened last time you charged in half cocked? This happened. You could have died." She wanted to stress the seriousness, but she just came off sounding angry, which she wasn't. Annoyed? Yes. Angry? Yeah, but never directed towards Hiccup. He had enough problems with his dad and all the other villagers hounding him; he didn't warrant her mistempered emotions, so she wouldn't direct them towards him. She had a hard time being and staying angry at him even when he did warrant them.

He grabbed hold of her hand and pried it from the front of his shirt, letting it slide back to her side. "Yeah, but that won't happen this time." The look she gave him showed her disbelief, which made him sigh. He tried for a gentler approach, "Come on Bane, please?"

Her teeth gnawed at her lower lip, uncomfortable with his green eyes which pleaded for admittance.

"I need to do this! How else am I going to make my mark?"

That made her groan, and she deflected the tingle that rose along her spine, the way it did when she knew she was about to cave and let something really bad happen. But she had always had a problem of saying no to the boy, had an even bigger problem of caring too much about what he did, but in the society of Vikings, each day could be the last day you see your best friend. Bane wasn't about to let that happen. Hiccup was probably the only kid her age who had shown her kindness (or rather, the only person she let show kindness towards her). But she had a soft spot for her friend, friend, singular. He would charge into the fray whether she told him to stay back or not; it was just a matter of her being there to protect him.

She groaned and picked up her bag.

"All right. Fine."

He smiled, which made her want to punch him in the face.

"Thanks."

* * *

><p>First HTTYD fic, because there just aren't enough of them (I see others say that a lot, but I just can't find a single one that fits what I would call a good HTTYD fic. Maybe I just haven't looked hard enough though).<p>

Tell me your thoughts on this chapter: Do you like Bane so far? Do you think I did well with over all prologue? Do you think Hiccup is in character?

I look forward from hearing from you.

2. CHAPTER ONE: THE STAR ON THE HORIZON

Notes: I'm surprised that I actually got reviews for the last chapter, because of the slow start this story is getting off to among other things (The obvious lack of interaction between Bane and Hiccup, the length of the chapter itself, the fact that it felt very rushed, etc.). But I'm really glad you're liking it so far; If you haven't gone to my profile, please be sure to do that at some point. It holds updates on for this story that I may or may not mention on here.

Thanks for the support and I hope I continue to receive feedback from you wonderful people!

[Oh, and a quick side note: Even though I've watched HTTYD over and over again, it's been a while since my last sit down with the movie/or TV show. So while I think my characterization of Hiccup is still fresh, my memory on what happens in the movie is not. Therefor, this story will differ slightly from what happens in the movie. And I haven't beta'd it yet.]

* * *

><p>CHAPTER ONE: THE STAR ON THE HORIZON<p>

* * *

><p>Fire was raining from the heavens, littering the frost-covered ground in molten rock and ash, almost as if a volcano were situated right at the top of the island. The wilted grass hissed when the flames smothered the life from it, effectively melting the snow into liquid. Bane and Hiccup ran through the mayhem that Berk had become, flames as high as houses licking at Bane's shoe-less feet and bared shoulders. Hiccup steered the device which he had so fondly named 'The Mutilator' with one hand, the other clasped tightly around his notebook which spelled out its function in simple words. Dark shadows still swam through the dark, night sky and Vikings still ran with weapons held high. Thirty minutes had been wasted in attempts to transport The Mutilator, but the battle was still going strong.<p>

"Hiccup, where are you going?!" A red-headed woman shouted to the tiny youth before punching a dragon in the face. "You're supposed to be inside!"

Hiccup, with a sort of regret laced through his words, simply said, "Yeah. I know," as if he were scared of what would happen upon being caught by some woman he hardly knew. But Bane simply placed two firm hands on his shoulders and steered him towards the cliff overlooking watchtower B, which was currently the only watchtower not burning to a crisp under the flame of a dragon's fire bolt. They had no time to stop and utter meaningless apologies; one wasted second could be the end of the battle, which meant the end of Hiccup's chances to 'capture' anything. Bane wanted to be there for support, but she also wasn't stupid enough to agree to a life or death mission a second time. They had one chance. That was it.

"This way," she mumbled, hands still on his shoulders. They found an unoccupied plot of land, devoid of both molten flecks of burning rock and human alike. Her hands worked quick when the machine rolled to a stop, dropping her bag in favor of untying the ropes that closed the mechanism off, and flicking a switch to allow the thing to spring to life as Hiccup adjusted the sights. A mass of complex gears rolled to life under Bane's touch as she balanced the machine on the mound of grass the duo were currently occupying. She took a deep breath, for that's all she had: one deep breath and then she had to move forward with their plans. She shuffled back on her haunches and watched the sky as Hiccup did the same. There was silence for one short moment, and then a cry, almost inaudible, filled the sky. "Do you hear that?" The fire crackle was so loud and the screaming had risen that she could hardly hear a thing except the turmoil rising in the village.

Hiccup folded his bottom lip under his teeth, hands clenching atop the metal of The Mutilator. "Yeah..."

Bane counted from one to ten backwards in her head, so sure that a dragon would show at any moment. They were at a spot on the island furthest away from the moon, and so she could hardly see anything, not even the most minimal flickering of light from the stars. It unnerved her to think that she was in complete darkness but the dragons could see every bit of her, right down to her knuckles which were turning white from gripping her hands together too tightly. A cold chill racked her body, and she realized for the first time just how cold she was and just how much her feet hurt from gallivanting through the prickly grass and freezing snow, but she didn't have time to second guess her thoughts or her reasons for allowing herself to fall victim to forest green eyes. A shout tore through the night sky, and a ball of blue and purple flame caught watchtower B right in the center.

She had hardly heard a sound from the Night Fury before, which she was sure the blue flames had come from, and now it was too late because the watchtower was burning and the dragon was in the sky right before her. Debris fell from the crumbling tower, sending a spray of ash into Bane's eyes, liquid gold becoming completely covered in dark, dark ash. "Shit," she cursed, swiping at the tears now falling down her cheeks. The ashes stung, and when she tried to open her eyes she could see nothing but black at the edges, everything in the center unclear and hazy.

"Bane," Hiccup called; he sounded so far away but she knew he was right beside her, his hands still on The Mutilator. "Are you all ri—" The earth quaked, another bolt of fire fell, and again ash sprayed through the air along with burning wood and hot metal. The force of the quake sent the young man falling backwards, releasing the silver spheres from their holster and catapulting them into the sky. A hot piece of metal skidded across the now burning earth, finding a holding place on Bane's foot. She, too, found herself on the ground beside her friend, when the silver spheres hit home and the tell-tale sound of a dragon's cry made it obvious that a Night Fury was, indeed, hit.

Hiccup was the first to react, bolting from the ground. The right side of Bane felt immediately colder. "I hit it! Yes, I hit it—" He turned to Bane, or at least she figured he did. "Did you see that?" She bit her bottom lip, a frown marring her face. She wanted to punch him in his eye, make him feel her hurt.

"No, sorry. Must have missed it."

Then she swiped at her eyes once again, forcing them to crack open just a fraction of an inch. Her vision was still blurry, but she had wiped away most of the ash and in the split seconds since the dragon was hit, a lot of it had dissipated on its own. It still hurt like she had been poked with a hot needle, though. Hiccup laughed like she hadn't heard in a long time, since they were small kids, perhaps, and jumped to take her hand in his. His hands felt warm compared to her frostbitten ones when he pulled her to her feet and gave her a singular pat on the shoulder, all too aware of her chagrin upon being subjected to warmth and laughter. "Man, I couldn't have done this without you. Wait 'til everyone else hears about this- wait 'til Astrid hears about this!" Her hands missed his when she heard the girl's name. He took a moment of silence, his hand finding his head and smothering his disheveled bedhead. "I might even get a date."

If Bane were any other person she would have forced a smile to her lips and laughed like an overjoyed friend, but because she was Bane, the emotionally stunted girl with an affinity for books and a distaste for most other things that could walk and talk, she didn't. Instead, she folded her arms across her chest and glared at the boy because she was upset, and she wasn't about to hide the fact. She disliked the blond girl, not because of her status among her ragtag group of friends, or because of Hiccup's affection for her, but because of her lack of affection for him. It made her angry that he was willing to do anything for her, but she never once saw him- not ever. And not only did he sit back and take it, but she was all he ever thought of lately, all he ever strived to impress. It was hard for her to understand, but she was angry because his time was no longer fully dedicated to her, or even halved equally between her and Astrid. She remembered when girls were icky, except for her, because she looked like a boy and talked like one anyway.

Her dark hair fell into her eyes, hiding the ill-concealed rage that flitted through them.

"I oughta feed you to the dragons," she murmured, cheeks hot with that very same rage. Hiccup blinked, brows flying into his fringe. Bane picked up her bag before she could succumb to the urge to send him back to the ground with a bloody nose. "After all the shit I do for you it's still all about her. Haddock, why are we even friends

anymore? I really don't need people who'll forget about me in my life- I've had enough of those types." Maybe if she showed her hurt in more ways than anger- which wasn't even fully directed at him oddly enough- he would understand. But anger was all she had ever known.

She looked him in the eye, the forest green orbs sparkling with an unannounced emotion she couldn't place, and poked him hard in the chest- right over his heart, right over his most prominent burn scar, right over the mark that signified the fact that he was alive because of her caring too much about his safety. Her heart folded in two, clenched in the most painful way possible when she found that looking at him was like looking at a baby goat she had just kicked. Pain sparked between the two hurting hearts, causing Bane to immediately withdraw.

She didn't like taking the backseat to Astrid in every little part of life, especially when the girl didn't warrant any type of kindness from either of the two parties illuminated by the dying fires. Then, she whispered almost inaudibly, "I swear to Odin if you don't stop-" but then the sky lit up and the earth quaked once again, sending her straight into his chest, his arms holding her too closely, her chest pushed too far into his. A dark shadow illuminated the duo, even with all the fires raging around them, and Bane found her golden eyes meeting with coal black ones.

Then just like that her anger was forgotten, replaced with almost fear. She pushed Hiccup away from her just as fire soared through the air where their bodies had once held each other so closely, the two struggling to stay upright. Stray flames caught her flimsy night shirt, burning a hole straight through and licking at her arm before she could even register the fact that she was hurting. She made to grab through the dying flames, towards the boy, but his hand met hers first and pulled her through the burning grass. Hiccup, who was always the last to act upon anything, had taken her hand.

"Don't let go." She faintly heard him yell over the roaring all around them and the sharp teeth nipping at her heels. The right side of her night shirt was completely gone and the cold wind biting at her singed flesh made for a painful combination, but she found that her hand was devoid of her bag. The funny thing was, she wasn't worried about her arm, she worried about what would happen to him with a dragon right behind them, even after taking the backseat once more in the one-sided argument that had just transpired. She bit the inside of her cheek, tried to distract herself from the pain and keep the black dots from sneaking into her vision. The burn was bad. She couldn't look down. Hiccup pulled her into town.

The large, red dragon growled from behind them, sounding like booming thunder, and they ducked behind a smaller watchtower, the top having already been burned away. He cradled her head to his chest, her body pressed firmly against the wood with him right before her, while she cradled her bleeding arm. It was the closest she had ever been to him in the midst of battle. Then, liquid fire rained from behind them, burning the edges of the tower, hot flames once again caressing Bane's body. Hiccup, however, took the brunt of the attack, the burn marks on his cheeks the proof of that. His cheeks turned pink, then blood red, the skin slowly scorching away. The ugly head of the Monstrous Nightmare rearing to the left, about to bite into the cowering teens-

A singular battle cry, and then the head of the dragon was kicked backwards against the cobbled stones and her body was being stripped from its close proximity to Hiccup's. Her body was once again cradled to a much different chest, but this time she found herself unable to keep the dots out of her vision even when she heard her name being called. Chestnut locks as dark as her's and eyes, more hazel than gold, stared straight at her. She recognized the blurry face and the strong arms.

"Brother?"

* * *

><p>Aaaaaaaannddd, that's the end of chapter one! I tried to stress the fact that Bane isn't a very sociable person [the reasons will be revealed in the future], but I think I just sort of failed big time? I also tried to stress her relationship with Hiccup a little more than in the first one, so there isn't much dialogue, but I'm hoping you enjoyed it nonetheless.</p>

Read and Review, please~

Once again, I'd like feedback on Bane's character, if you like the story so far, and if I'm keeping Hiccup IC.

3. CHAPTER TWO: A BURNING SENSATION

Thanks for all the reviews, you guys. :D They really make me smile~

/I hope some of you ghost readers come out and review too, that would be really nice. /hint hint

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><p>CHAPTER 2: A BURNING SENSATION</p>

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><p>She recognized the sour scent of freshly picked medicinal herbs as soon as her vision came back to her and the black dots dissipated. Aloe vera, Astragalus, Belladonna, Chamomile, and a vast other array of plants laid across the table adjacent to her wondering eyes, some crushed into a poultice, others left as they were once found. The whole room smelled acrid and... just plain gross. The smell wafted past her nose straight to her stomach, and she realized that's what the Chamomile was probably for. The plant was left both as a tea, which had grown cold so she figured it had been sitting there for a long while, and as an oddly colored paste which had been blended inside a mortar.</p>

She groaned, pushed herself into a sitting position, touched a hand to her temple and tried to rub the ache away. She realized she was laying atop a wooden bed which stood in the middle of the room, a wool blanket draped over her fragile form. The fire was crackling in the fire pit, and the blanket was warm, but her shoulders and her nose both felt cold. Golden eyes flickered downward to her bare chest and her tightly bandaged forearm. 'Ah,' she thought. 'That's probably

why...' Too much of her body had been caressed in the loving flames of the Monstrous Nightmare for her clothes to have been able to survive the process of cutting through to get to the wounds. After her brother had gotten through with her, her clothes were probably no more than rags and scraps of charred hide. That also meant, unfortunately, that she would have to sleep in her armor until someone could make her some more night clothes- she only had a singular pair of those to begin with. She didn't much like the thought of asking any of the old Viking women in town because they always had a temper, and she didn't want to ask her brother either because he was always so busy while she was off learning to fight dragons.

Her hand fell to her right where it touched a bundle of cloth and perfectly stitched together assortment of different clothes. Her fingers fumbled with the material, the tips having gone numb from the medical ointment slathered across her heavily burned forearm. It was a hassle, but at least she wasn't in pain like she had been...

She stopped, and a frown tugged at her lips. For a singular moment last nights events rushed back into her head, cutting off everything else.

A bitter taste rose in the back of Bane's throat as she was hefted off the ground and pulled tightly into a protective grasp. The burning village around her spun around her head, molding into an abstract painting of dark colors and mixed emotions. Someone was calling her name.

"-ne!"

The voice sounded worried.

She couldn't open her eyes.

"-ane!"

Again it came, over and over again, but it was too far away for her to place whether it was a dream or reality. What she could grasp, however, was the wind rushing past her ears, splaying her hair across her sweat covered forehead. And another voice, a voice much different from the first, was shouting orders. That voice sounded firm and authoritative, but also... scared.

It was close to her ear.

"-et out ... way!"

The final thing she remembered after that was her own voice, weak and barely audible and laced with pain.

_ "Brother," she began, coughed on the blood dribbling past her lower lip. "Magnus..."_

Then consciousness eluded her, and darkness reigned.

She grumbled at the thought. The first voice had been Hiccup's; no one else in the village sounded quite so scrawny or weak. Heck, no one else in the village would really sound worried either- Bane wasn't the most popular girl around, with that scowl on her face and

her lips pinched into a snarl whenever anyone so much as looked her way. The second voice had been her brother's voice, deep and brawny and loud. No one else held a candle to the depth of his vocal cords, not even Stoick himself; she thought that was funny, because her brother was no where near Stoick's age. And the final voice, which had sounded weak and fading, was obviously her own though she wouldn't like to admit it.

"Damn Monstrous Nightmare..." She folded her split lip under her teeth, ignoring the pain that flooded her senses, and stood on her shaky feet. She was all feather light touches and knobbly knees from that point on when she found the clothes laid out for her once again and pulled them onto her shaking body. "If I ever see one of those things again I'll make it into a purse."

Not only had the thing almost taken her life and Hiccup's, but it had taken something almost more important than both those things combined: her pride. She liked to think she was smart enough to not be caught under the stare of a dragon, much less let one get so close to her! Then again, she also once thought that she'd never agree to be a sidekick in one of Hiccup's little schemes, or get so carried away that she'd actually let dust from an explosion fly into her eye... Last night was just not her night. Vikings, especially Bane, tended to be moody in all sorts of ways when woken up in the middle of the night.

With one last flick of her hand, she adjusted her small clothes in a way that they wouldn't bunch up and cause her bandaged wounds any more discomfort, and strode off towards the open doorway. She couldn't stand the scent that leaked from the room, but she also couldn't stand the sight that came with it. Something about seeing a hamper filled to the brim with bloody clothes and anti-bacterial poultices stacked a foot high on a table stained with gods know what just wasn't appealing to her. There was once a time when she thought the more time she spent in that room the more she would grow to appreciate it, but that never happened. It just made her more weary.

She wobbled into the living quarters of her hut, still not fully recuperated. Nothing of spectacular importance caught her golden gaze, not even the presence of her older brother. The man liked to stay in close quarters to her when she was wounded, but it seemed as if he had more taxing matters to attend to. Someone else had probably gotten hurt last night, maybe even more than she had been. She made her way over to the hut that connected to her's which others had fondly named as 'the Medical Hut', but she was in no rush. If she pushed herself her wounds would open up and no poultice or salve would be able to make the excruciating pain that came with that go away.

But she found Magnus no where to be found. An acrid stench also wafted from the Medical room, and men were piled upon every available bed there was, but she didn't see anything that could point her in the direction of her brother. Her heart clenched.

She felt odd.

"Excuse me," she mumbled to a man, who laid sprawled out in the middle of the floor, and stepped over his writhing form. There was nothing for her in this wing except for a stench to make her toes

curl.

She opened up the oaken door, careful to not let too much cold in, and closed it quickly behind her. Berk was as cold as the day before, even with all the fire that had once coated the ground. Snow had fallen back into place over everything, and even the buildings that had once been burnt to the ground were back to their former glory. Men and women, all heavily bandaged sans a few, lumbered through the Village doing their everyday, menial tasks. Vikings moved fast.

If Bane wasn't in such a weird place, and if she hadn't seen it dozens of other times, she would probably be impressed.

People stared at her as she went on her way, favoring her left leg and limping like she had just been sat on by a Yak. It looked like they wanted to say something, make a comment on her messy hair and disheveled appearance, but perhaps because she was Bane, no one stepped forward. They just spared her a single glance and went back to doing whatever Vikings do best.

Until she ran into a particular group of kids her age, loitering around a building that had yet to be repaired.

"Ugh," Bane groaned as a little bit of feeling returned to her burned arm. She probably should have rubbed on some ointment before she left.

Her hindsight proceeded to be 20/20.

The leader as it were, the blond girl that had stolen her best friend's affections, seemed to stare at her with something shining in her baby blue eyes. The rest of the group followed her gaze. The shortest boy with a bit of a gut on him sneered in her direction, taking Astrid's look as one of contempt. He was the first to open his mouth, as if to taunt her.

"Hey, look who's risen from the dead." He gestured to her beaten body. "I heard you totally got your butt kicked by that Monstrous Nightmare. And then Hiccup of all people had to save you! I thought you were made of tougher stuff than that, Bane."

Bane kept her mouth shut, overcome by a sudden wave of dizziness.

Snotlaut took that as a cue to go on with his taunting.

"Ha, all the grown-ups are afraid of you for nothing! Just because of what happened four years ago—"

Bane narrowed her eyes, Astrid stood up.

"Snotlout, stop it. Her and her brother are the only reason you're here right now."

The boy immediately flinched, put off at being scolded by his beloved Astrid. He bit his bottom lip and folded his arms over his chest, looking away. He looked ashamed when the twins immediately after began taunting him and the lovely hue of pink that had arisen on his cheeks. Fishlegs seemed to be the only one trying to stop the fighting, because Astrid had found her place right before Bane. The

taller blond girl leered over her.

Bane figured she would say something insulting; that wouldn't end well. Astrid was a touchy subject for the dark haired teen- no doubt she'd immediately go to raising her fists and in her condition, she knew she wouldn't win. She wondered if she could win without the injuries sometimes, too. But instead of belittling Bane, Astrid simply nodded her head in the direction of Stoick's hut.

"I saw your brother go into Stoick's house. He was probably going to go check up on Hiccup, he was pretty banged up too after last night." She lowered her eyes to the bandages that were slowly beginning to leak blood on Bane's forearm. "But nowhere near as bad as you."

Bane snorted, pulling down her shirt sleeve in the process in an attempt to hide the wound from the taller girl. She wanted to say something insulting back to her, as if she could actually hear a challenge in the girl's voice, but her weariness kept her mouth shut. She knew the only reason Astrid was playing nice was because she admired Magnus, possibly more than anyone else in the village. Girls loved guys who were mysterious, and Magnus was exactly that. It was hard to read the man at any given time. Even Bane wasn't very good at it most of the time.

Instead she just muttered, "Thanks," and waited for her to say something more before she left the squabbling kids.

Astrid only spared her one more glance before saying, "That'll leave a nice scar," and walking back to her friends.

Bane left after that, limping all the way over to Stoick's hut. She pushed Astrid's faux kindness from her mind and instead focused on the fact that she'd probably get an intense talking to and scolding from her brother, but who knew. He tended to be nicer when she was hurt. She hoped he wasn't in a bad mood, but talking or being around Hiccup always seemed to put him there.

She knocked on the door once, not bothering to wait any longer before pushing her way inside. She was immediately greeted with a scent that made her toes curl. Again.

"Bane!" someone shouted, probably Hiccup.

A cold sweat had slowly beaded upon her brow, but everything else around her felt hotter than any fire from a dragon. "Hey..."

She thought she could see her brother, looking as stunned as Hiccup as he sat, working on bandaging the boy's burned wrist, but then a wave of nausea overcame her. She fell to her knees. She didn't know what had overcome her; she had been feeling less than fine, but still better than this, a few moments ago.

She vomited on the wool carpet, finding that the heat was too much for the lack of food in her stomach and the wounds screaming at her. The darkness that came thereafter was an eerie comfort.

* * *

><p>I'd like to point out that, as of now, Bane is not in love with Hiccup. She doesn't even have a crush on him. She's just really

protective of him since he's her only friend.<p>

R AND R.

4. CHAPTER THREE: I SEE FIRE

WARNING; **this is where the **M **rating comes in. This chapter has lots of blood and gore**, so it probably isn't for those with weak stomachs. This chapter is purely a flashback chapter, or **what happened four years ago **to be specific. It touches on why Bane is the way she is now and why she's so close to Hiccup. It also touches on her close relationship with Magnus a bit. So if you want to skip it, you can. c:

This is shorter than I'd like and un-beta'd, which I will fix later, but I felt you guys deserved and update after such a long hiatus.

* * *

><p>CHAPTER 3: I SEE FIRE<p>

* * *

><p>Bane remembered things as she was lulled into a restless sleep by the black dots that swam in her vision, coaxed her into submission she normally wouldn't give into so easily. She was a little kid again, or maybe not so little as one might think. Eleven years old is hardly a child, but hardly a teen. That's how old she was, and she was laying on the ground, curled into a ball, just waiting, waiting for it all to end.<p>

Dragons attacked often, and she was no stranger to the stench of death, but the night was still young and the dragons became cause for her nightmares to run rampant. The snow was falling down in sheets, but instead of the pure white, it fell in coats of red that day. She was crying, mixing the soot and the ash with red, red snow and the rubble of her broken empire. There was fire, too, snaking its way across the scarlet fields and crawling to lick at the soles of her feet, giving her more reason to cry.

Most Vikings were brave; most Vikings fought for their right to live and tore dragon upon dragon apart, scale by scale. They grabbed their axes, their hammers, their blades, and they smeared their war paint on their faces, ready to take back their homes by any means necessary. Fire fell from the heavens and scorched her family friends to ash, ripped into their livestock with razor-like talons. The dusk was slowly fading to darker shades of crimson and ebony, giving way for the real boogeymen. It was a blood bath, the 13 of Evening Star[1]. There was no sanctuary, no place to run, so she just laid there, waiting to die.

A Monstrous Nightmare belched molten lava onto the ground before her, slowly beginning its decent downward, toward her shivering body. She was bruised and badly beaten, burned too. A particularly awful scar was already setting into place on her stomach, right at her left hip bone. A hand shot through the fire and brimstone, fighting, just like all Vikings did, to grasp her. The person pulled her quickly to her feet, grasping her tightly to a warm and bloodied chest. She was being lifted into a protective grasp, her eyes meeting the horrible

sight of liquid amber, drenched with sadness and gore. The beautiful eyes of her elder brother were no longer honey colored and alight with life, but danced with blood shed from her fallen comrades, fallen friends and family members. There was red seeping just along the edges of his irises.

She didn't know it then, but they were both beginning their decent. They were both changing.

_ "Magnus," _she cried. _ "Where's Da? Where's Mama?" _

Magnus had clenched his teeth so tightly that she thought they would break under the force. He ran, and her body shook with every struggle that Magnus made to push forward. Blood was seeping from his chest into her clothes. It looked like there was more blood trailing behind him than there was in his body, if the pure white of his face was anything to go by.

_ "They're not here anymore," _Magnus cried, tears falling down his cheeks. He had seen so much more than she had. Magnus, who was only five years her senior, had had his heart ripped straight from his chest and wounds that would never heal inflicted.

Bane kept her mouth shut and sobbed into his shirt as he himself struggled to get a grip on reality. He ran as far and as fast as he could, holding his little sister, his only living family, as tightly as he could. The Valley of Death was a long and painful journey, but he finally reached a far-off place, deeper and further in the forests of Berk than he thought any dragon could reach. Even the screams of the dying sounded small in the distance.

There was a group of children there, all huddled close to one another. Amidst that crowd, there was Hiccup and there was Astrid, Snotlout, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Fishlegs- all of whom she had once been friends with. Magnus fell to his knees, placing his sister as gently as he could to the ground, right next to the boy with foliage green eyes. And as the two kids held each other and cried, covered in blood and ash, Magnus sank into sleep. By the time he woke up, the dead bodies were already being burned in the center of town and his kinsmen were already making haste to rebuild the broken- the people and the things.

Bane didn't take death like normal Vikings did. Normal Vikings were meant to last; they accepted it, and maybe they mourned for a while, but the strength pushed through in the end. That was the way with everyone. Not Bane.

The others grew to fear her, not for the person she was, but for the things they could crack inside her mind if they got too close. Vikings were, after all, caring people in their own ways. So they stayed away, and the kids around her age did too. The entire village was afraid of her in some sort of twisted way. Hiccup was the only one that didn't get it; he got close, closer than he ever was with her before. They both needed each other in their minds. No Viking his age had ever particularly liked Hiccup, and Bane had pushed away everyone else. Hiccup wasn't a smart kid; he didn't get that with every step closer he took to her, a bond formed, a dangerous one.

But they were just two broken kids trying to find their way in

life.

Magnus began to dislike Hiccup after that. He would never tell the boy why, but somehow he figured the younger knew what he was doing to his sister. She was getting too close, her mindset was cracking. She wasn't what a normal Viking should be and Hiccup was only making it worse. She would be glued to the boy for life the longer they stayed in such close quarters.

It just wasn't natural.

Eventually, they'd have to grow up, grow apart, and Magnus knew that'd probably kill his sister. But by the time he realized that, it was too late. The bond had already formed, and the future had already been set in stone.

* * *

><p>[1] Evening Star is a Skyrim term, but it seemed fitting when writing a story of Nordic origins. It's a month- December. So it was the 13 of December when the slaughter happened.</p>

You guys are /so/ amazing with your reviews. I'm so happy that I've gotten so many! Thank you, thank you, thank you~ You're all amazing. Really. c:

If you want to know what Bane's normal clothing looks like, you can message me.

She has boy short, dark brown hair and golden eyes. She's sort of flat chested, but not really, and really short. I'll describe her multiple times as looking like a boy, which she does.

Also, **_important question here,_**for future reference, would you guys like a side pairing of Astrid/Magnus?

5. rewrite

I'm probably going to rewrite this.

If anyone cares.

I can't handle how awful I and immature I made this fic.

/sobs grossly

End
file.